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ROBINSON AD

MUSIC BY

A. DARR.

DESCRIPTIVE POEM WRITTEN, AND ENGLISH
SETTING TO THE MUSIC BY

NATHL. CHILDS.

BOSTON:
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OLIVER DITSON & CO.

New York: O. H. DITSON & CO.

Philadelphia: J. E. DITSON
Chicago: LYON & HEALY.



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CHARACTERS.

MNEMOSYNE as "Chorus."

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

FRIDAY.

THURSDAY.

SAILORS, SAVAGES, &c.

J. Frank Giles, Music Printer, Boston.

"ROBINSONADE."

SCENE I.—CLOUDLAND.

[MNEMOSYNE *appears as Chorus.*]

INVOCATION.

I.

Which of the tuneful throng of sisters nine
Shall I invoke, this little tale to aid?
Which one from out proud Jove and Mem'ry's line,
My help and counsel ask, be kindly made?
Unto which nymph Pierian now resign,
Lest what I write may all too quickly fade,
And be forgotten ere 'tis scarce begun?
Which of the choral muses--say, which one?

II.

'Tis not of war's alarms, or tragic strife;
Not of the circling orbs that crown the sky;
'Tis not of passion, not of ancient life,
Nor yet a laughter-breeding tale to try.
'Tis not of scenes with solemn duty rife;
Nor where two hearts with tender love reply;
'Tis but to tell anew a story that
Children, for years on years, have wondered at.

III.

Ye sisters nine, on none of you I call;
Tho' rich your gifts, they're not my sought for dow'r;
To greater pens' control I send you all,
And ask for aid of gentler, quiet pow'r.
Daughters of Neptune, I accept *your* thrall,
And make you muses of the children's hour:
Ye hundred footed Nereids, ye shall be
My story's help, my longed-for sympathy!

As in the beauteous time, 'twixt day and night,
 When gathered at the mother's gracious knee,
 The children throng, with loving faces bright,
 And ask a story wrought with fancy free,
 Which gen'rous mothers hasten to recite,
 So now, like children, gathered here are we;
 For man to leave his youth behind is loth—
 We are but "children of a larger growth."

[To audience.]

Listen a while : with song and brush and pen,
 The life of Crusoe shall be told again.

CANTO I.—THE DEPARTURE.

In Hamburg city, place of world-wide fame,
 Once dwelt a gentleman, whose honored name
 Was Crusoe. He of riches had good store;
 None in the city was respected more.
 Director of a bank—that never failed;
 A politician, too,—who never railed;
 A deacon of a church—who kept his word;
 A man in whom no thought of wrong e'er stirred.
 His was a happy home; that is to say—
 It *would* have been, if Crusoe'd had his way.
 Dame Fortune sets us running in a rut,
 Then tips us over—spills us with a "*But*."
 His home *would* have been happy, *but* the joys
 Of wedded life had brought him three strong boys:
 Sweet Mrs. Crusoe often, musing, said,
 "Oh, if those boys had *but* been girls instead!"
 Yet they were loved, and cherished dearly too;
 But three boys make an "awful" deal to do
 They seem by instinct, when disease comes 'round,
 To go and play just where it can be found;
 Where, out of danger, girls would quickly jump,
 Boys grab all sorts of ailments in a lump,
 And one small lad can catch, before his dinner,
 The measles, whooping-cough, and scarletina.
 'Twas so with Crusoe's sons—a hurdle race
 They ran from infancy to manhood's place;
 Facing the hurdles of disease and pain,
 Till they had reached the well cleared field again.
 Then, all their childhood's troubles o'er and past,
 Death found them careless, heedless, and, at last,
 Took one dear son upon the battle-ground—
 Another, pale and weak from study, found;
 Thus soon, of two, was only mem'ry left,
 With loving parents, sad and sore bereft.

The third, the youngest, had no need to win
 His parents' hearts—he was their Benjamin.
 Left of the three, he was their only son ;
 And they the love of three bestowed on one.
 Not wisely—every wish and youthful whim,
 Without a question, quickly granted him.
 Each fashion his ; all pleasures of the day,
 And, as he said, "The Gov. the bills will pay."
 So Robinson—for thus the youth was known—
 A plenteous crop of wild oats soon had sown.
 Then came the harvest-time, as sure it will,
 When tares spring up, the healthful grain to kill.
 Dress had no charms for him, nor maiden's smile ;
 No dainty dish could his wrecked taste beguile ;
 No sleep of peace, no fresh and vigorous thought ;
 Blasé and all ambitionless—in short.
 But, one day, roaming near the busy scene
 Where traders meet to talk, where tall masts lean,
 Where sailors throng with speech from ev'ry land,
 And bring a towerless Babel close to hand,—
 An impulse sudden seizes on his mind ;
 He seems a chance for pleasures new to find.
 At home, all dull and tasteless he has found,
 There sure will come some joy on foreign ground.
 He ponders little—soon the sailors' song
 Comes in rich chorus, borne the breeze along.
 "Good byes" are said ; the white wings sent aloft
 To catch the off-land breezes, mild and soft :
 He joins the group, forgetting kin and home,
 Becomes a sailor bold, o'er seas to roam.

[MNEMOSYNE *disappears*. *The scene changes, disclosing a wharf
 at Hamburg.* ROBINSON'S *embarkation*.]

NO. I.—SAILOR'S SONG—CHORUS.

I.

Haste on board ! Now the breezes arise !
 'Fore the wind how our bonny ship flies !
 Hoiho ! Catching the gale, Hoiho ! Fills ev'ry sail, Hoiho !
 'Neath our keel shall the blue waters glide ;
 From the bow shall the spray dash aside—Hoiho !
 Carry us free—deep-rolling sea !

BARITONE SOLO.

Light as the bird, cleaving heaven's rich blue,
 Now, we our course onward gaily pursue.
 Ever the sailor finds here a home ;
 Joy fills his heart o'er ocean to roam.

Bravely, in chorus, time hear us keep
 As the brown anchor swings up from the deep.
 When in the harbor, 'prisoned are we,
 On the broad ocean then are we free.

II.

Sing our songs, send them out on the air ;
 Far behind fling away every care !
 Hoiho ! Haste to our work ! No one will shirk ! Hoiho !
 Send the sail up the mast to its head,
 Heave the anchor from out its low bed. Hoiho !
 All trim and taut each rope be caught.

BARITONE SOLO.

Only at sea does the sailor rejoice ;
 Tho' dangers throng still he sings with loud voice ;
 When howls the storm-wind, rages the blast,
 Yet to his post the sailor stands fast.
 Oh, how the foam flies off from our bow !
 See how the sail with the breeze filleth now !
 And far away the busy town lies ;
 See the blue waves still higher arise.

III.

Fare thee well, maiden, dear to my heart !
 Fare thee well ! Once again we must part !
 Hoiho ! Now unto thee Heaven kindly be, Hoiho !
 O'er the sea fondly send I to thee,
 Thou shalt hear loving tidings of me, Hoiho !
 Fondest adieu, Hoiho ! Tender and true !

SCENE III.—CLOUDLAND.

[MNE MOSYNE *appears.*]

CANTO II.—THE VOYAGE AND THE STORM.

Forth from the pleasant city, they
 Sail on the busy stream ;
 The skies are blue, this time of May,
 And sunbeams brightly gleam.
 Farther and farther fades the town,
 The spires and tree-tops tall,
 And distance like a haze brought down,
 On home-scenes is let fall.

The ship goes stately on ; the waves
 Come from the river's flow,
 Caressingly, her fair sides lave,
 Nor seem their power to know.
 Past many a hamlet on the shore ;
 Past farm by river bank ;
 Past meadow-land all rippled o'er ;
 And shore-grass growing rank.

Ah ! this was happiness all new,
 And Robinson was glad ;
 Not e'en the fading city's view
 Had made his heart feel sad.
 As yet 'twas peace and quietness ;
 As yet 'twas pleasure ripe ;
 The sailors still their comforts bless,
 And smoke the cheering pipe.

Thus on and on, 'till no more land
 Is seen on either side—
 Nought but the waters broad at hand,
 The green sea rolling wide.
 " Ah, this is fun ! " cries Robinson ;
 While now the waves upswell,
 And as with growing height they run,
 He laughs and thinks it well.

" This is a jolly life, eh, boys ? "
 " Aye, messmate, aye ! " they roar ;
 But each a lurking look employs,
 As if expecting more.
 Poor Robinson ! This motion smooth
 All would commend it thus,
 If they could stop it when—forsooth !
 It grew monotonous.

This rocking in the cradle deep,
 That has been praised in song,
 Deserves all praise that it can reap—
 If one don't rock too long.
 So Robin thought—a little while—
 And then grew very pale.
 He smiled ; but oh ! a sickly smile,
 And firmly grasped the rail.

We've seen that action oft before,
 Who could it quite forget?
 As tho' he'd lug the ship ashore—
 His face speaks, "No; not yet."
 The sailors' lurking looks grow broad,
 While Robinson he glares;
 He wishes he were safely moored,
 And thinks—he'll go "down stairs."

"Ho! messmate, do you go below?"
 Speaks out a jolly tar;
 "You said that this was fun, you know,
 So don't be going far.
 Look o'er the port bow—no, not there—
 The port is on your left;
 There comes a little cloud, I swear,
 Of which we'll feel the heft.

"Cheer up, my hearty! Brace your jib,
 And put yourself in form!"
 With that he pokes him in the rib,
 "We're going to have a storm."
 "That little thing!—that cannot-be,
 It's such a little cloud!"
 "That cloud means, lad, a storm at sea;
 A strain at every shroud!"

Higher and higher, on and on,
 Madly, as in a rout,
 The waters dash the ship upon,
 And compass it about.
 Still fiercer, wilder grows the blast,
 Still wilder rolls the ship;
 Hope dies from ev'ry heart at last,
 And white grows every lip.

A louder crash of thunder peals;
 A flash of deathly white—
 The ship is struck, she staggers, reels,
 And sinks away from sight.

* * * * *

Oh, swelling pall that looks so calm,
 When winds are soft and mild!
 Oh, grave that holds with wide-stretch'd arm,
 Full many an earth-lost child,

When shall the time of meeting be?
 When years and years have sped,
 When time yields to eternity,
 "And seas give up their dead."

[MNEMOSEYNE *disappears.*]

[*Orchestral Description. The Storm. The Scene changes, disclosing a view of the ocean. The Shipwreck.*]

SCENE V. — CLOUDLAND.

(MNEMOSYNE *appears.*)

CANTO III.—ROBINSON'S LANDING.

The Goddess of Chance, whose favoring glance
 Will make the soberest caper and dance,
 Whether or not a deserver,
 Gave Robinson luck. Ere the ship had struck
 And into the water his form was stuck,
 He tripped o'er a life-preserver.

Tho' he didn't know, and no one would show
 The use of the thing, or how it should go,
 Still he clung to it like a plaster;
 With a vague idea that, if land were near,
 He could sit on its rim, and paddle and steer,
 And would thus reach shore the faster.

It served him so well, that if I could tell
 The maker's name, or where he doth sell,
 I would advertise him gratis:
 He's probably dead, and his final bed
 Is not in water, but, more like, instead
 A very different state is.

When it broke asunder, it was no wonder
 The ship and Robinson both went under—
 He thought that he never would stop;
 But a retroversion of this quick immersion.
 Produced an equally quick excursion,
 With a jerk to the water's top.

So quick the ascent, that he upward went
 As if on a skyward journey bent,
 At least ten feet from the ocean ;
 Then as back he fell, I am glad to tell
 He stretched out his arms, and legs as well,
 Thus stopping his downward motion.

For at least two days in half a craze,
 And the whole of a feeling of blank amaze,
 Seventy miles he floated, or more ;
 Until most thoroughly wet as wet could be,
 For forty-eight hours washed a-sea,
 He was finally washed ashore.

No spirited crowd, with its cheering loud,
 With banners, music, and leaders proud,
 Welcomed him, when he came ;
 The subscription list, it was somehow missed,
 For Robinson hadn't learned the twist
 Of the agitator's game.

No clamor for vote, by the men of note,
 No teaching unlettered men by rote,
 And such political shams ;
 But in silence deep up the banking steep
 Poor Robinson was forced to creep—
 Nought living present but clams.

Now of clams we make an excellent bake,
 And when well cooked they're not bad to take
 Tho' maybe somewhat hearty,
 But whenever we land on a foreign strand,
 And seek a friend to take by the hand,
 A clam isn't quite the party.

So, tired and damp, with a fearful cramp,
 With shoes and clothes much like a tramp,
 He started his journey lonely
 To look for the mayor or consul there,
 Or any dweller—he did not care.
 If a human being only

For miles upon miles, o'er sand in piles,
 And rocks and bogs in hundred styles,
 His weary feet went straying,
 Till it came to be very plain to see,
 By right and might, sole monarch was he
 Of all he was surveying.

With his hunger first, and then with his thirst,
 It seemed that his very heart it would burst,
 Until, his courage failing,
 In note and in verse, he had to rehearse
 The history of his longings terse,
 All his present state bewailing.

[MNEMOSYNE *disappears*. *The scene changes, disclosing the seashore;* ROBINSON *lying on the beach.*]

3

No. 3.—ROBINSON'S LAMENT.

I.

When Jonah left his little whale,
 And landed on the shore,
 Quite damp, and looking very pale,
 His woes were hardly o'er;
 Like him, I don't feel very well—
 I'm wet through to the skin—
 I'd like to see some one to tell
 Me where to find an inn;
 Oh, dear! where is the inn?

II.

A friendly ape good company
 Would be in this dull place:
 I can't expect, just now, to see
 One of the human race;
 But man or beast I'd like to meet,
 I should not care a pin,
 So long as he'd direct my feet
 Unto a wayside inn. Oh, dear, &c.

III.

A little drop of warming drink,
 Tho' of the sourest wine,
 Would change my feelings much, I think,
 And brace this soul of mine!
 A mutton chop quite well would go,—
 I'm getting awful thin:
 Good gracious! Doesn't some one know,
 Where I can find an inn? Oh, dear, &c.

IV.

Who knows? Maybe a cannibal
 Is hidden here from my view!
 If I asleep should chance to fall,
 I might wake roasted through!
 I might be baked, I might be boiled;
 It really is a sin—
 His appetite and mine both spoiled,
 'Cos I can't find an inn. Oh, dear, &c.

[THE BARBECUE CHORUS.—“Go-mi-na go-ga-gi-gi, go-go, &c.”]

SCENE VII.—CLOUDLAND. [MNEMOSYNE *appears*]

It does seem very trivial when one stops to think,
 Great heroes, like the rest of us, must eat and drink.
 So must our hero food obtain to give him nerve, or
 Gnaw off the canvas back of his dear life-preserver.
 But one more struggle he decides at length to make,
 A final chance in life's great lottery to take.
 A lucky chance it proved, for, scarce a rod beyond,
 He sees uprising, from the margin of a pond,
 A grove of stately palms, both cocoanuts and date,
 And close beside the bread-fruit tree, in spreading state.
 His life-preserver flung up to the palm's high head,
 Brought down a bowl of milk and two big loaves of bread.
 Cracking a cocoanut, he had a jolly cup
 Well filled with milk, and, with his bread-fruit crumbled up,
 He ate, and thankful was as children who are fed,
 Like him, with bread and milk, before they go to bed.
 Day after day he soon saw much increase of store:—
 Oysters *au naturel* (that is, on half shell raw),
 Large turtle's eggs, baked in the burning tropic heat,
 And many other viands mighty good to eat.
 Again, he found upon his grand pre-empted farm
 Flocks of wild goats, and soon he conquered their alarm.
 Butter and cheese of goat's milk, added to his bread,
 Few hotel larders could be better furnished.
 Good gracious! Wouldn't you and I contented be
 With bread and Neuchatel and rare Fromage de Brie?
 For clothes, in place of his all full of holes and thin,
 He killed the frisky goats and used their shaggy skin.
 In style and cut, he quite for Paris fashion bids,
 Why! With his goat-skin dress, he'd several pairs of kids!

The stormy seas, too, often threw upon the land,
 From sunken ships, what seemed for his needs wholly planned.
 Guns, swords, and pistols, powder, bullets, knives, two clocks,
 Pipes and tobacco, and of lucifers a box ;
 Chests of sharp tools, books, paper, furniture, and ink,
 And forty other things of which I cannot think.
 The things that couldn't float themselves, somehow or other,
 Were packed in casks or chests that could, and made no bother.
 It has been said, among the gifts to him thus thrown,
 Sewing-machines there were, piano, telephone.
 But this, I guess, was told by interviewing youth,
 Who, for his daily journal, rather stretched the truth.
 In short, there was no reason why he shouldn't thrive,
 And be content as any bachelor alive.
 So, ev'ry morning, with the early rising sun,
 He thanked kind Providence for one day more begun ;
 Took Nature by the hand and clasped her blooming waist ;
 And found in her a confidence ne'er yet misplaced ;
 Grew humble, good at heart, and learned an active mind
 Was worth ten thousand times all dissipation blind.

So passed six months ; meanwhile in handicraft grown skill'd,
 He managed quite a cosy cottage-house to build.

In all his walks abroad, no sign of man he found,
 Till one day, gazing, careless, on the yellow ground,
 A sight he saw, his blood made hot, and colder then, —
 Tracks of a human foot — at least a number ten.
 No foot of savage 'twas, — the toes turned in too far,
 And savages who run around, all shoeless are.
 No, no ! Some traveller civilized has left the sign,
 Foot-and-a-half-prints, surely, in the Sands of Time.
 A little further on, he finds a cardboard white
 Engraved or printed. As he holds it up to sight
 He reads with wond'ring eyes : —

JOHN HENRY GILLIPOD, AGENT FOR PETER JACKSON'S FAMOUS LIGHT'NING ROD.

This was too much. Here on a desert isle to find
 The travelling agent. Robinson, bereft of mind,
 Went home and went to bed : for two and twenty days
 Unnursed, untended, lived a semi-sort of craze.
 At last recovered, with a faithful goat or two
 He went upon a hill, one day, to take a view
 There, on a rolling green and beauteous, on his right,
 He saw to him a very wondrous, striking sight.
 A wreath of smoke ascending in the sunny air,
 A fire ! a spit ! a human being cooking there !

Cooking? No; *being* cooked, and gathered round the board,
 (Bored by the spit, is meant), a dancing savage horde.
 They sing a chant, which, afterwards interpreted,
 If, into simple English turned, would thus have said:—

Oh, the jolly roast man of old Africa,
 There's nought can with you compare;
 As tender as chicken, your bones we are pickin',
 We'll ne'er leave a bit of you there.
 Let others sing out for roast duck or roast lamb,
 For venison, quail upon toast,
 We're kind to our brother, but somehow or other,
 There's nothing like man for a roast.

Our hero waited not a moment then, but ran away
 Back to his cot. "The coward," do I hear you say?
 Oh, no! He simply went to get another gun,
 And hastened back, at once, upon the double run.
 A fusilade of well-sent shot began to spoil
 The interest the blacks had in the human broil.
 The half-cooked man saved from his hot impending fate,
 Torn from the spit and fire, almost when 'twas too late,
 A welcome friend became to Robinson, I ween,
 For thus was his man Friday brought upon the scene.

[MNEMOSYNE *disappears*. The scene changes, disclosing the Island.
 The Cannibals. The rescue of FRIDAY.]

SCENE IX.—CLOUDLAND

[MNEMOSYNE *appears*.]

CANTO V.—THE ELECTION AND FRIDAY'S LOVE SONG.

In larger States, the laws decide,
 Three people make a mob;
 But here, where only two abide,
 'Twould be a useless job
 To make such laws; yet even here,
 Some sort of government,
 Must be. To Robinson 'twas clear,
 Some form he must invent.

Himself inclined to monarchy,
 In which he'd be the king,
 Still, a Republic seemed to be
 The proper sort of thing.

Elections, meetings must be held
 Throughout th' entire land;
 But tho' to Friday thus he yelled,
 F. couldn't understand.

He yelled in English, German, French,
 He yelled in Latin too;
 But Friday stared there on his bench,
 While Robinson turned blue.
 Tho' Friday was intelligent
 As any other man,
 He couldn't tell what Robin meant,
 Except in African.

In grim despair, and worn out quite,
 Robinson went away:
 And, pond'ring how to set things right,
 He stayed away all day.
 It was a most astounding thing,
 When he came home again,
 To hear his Friday jabbering
 In French and German plain.

Grammatically, with no pause,
 In diction elegant;
 When he of Friday asks the cause,
 Explain it Friday can't.
 All that he knew, all he could tell,
 Just after eating dinner,
 He found he talked in both quite well,
 Not as a new beginner.

"On what dined you?" cried Robinson
 Following Friday's looks;
 The explanation it was done—
 'Twas off a stew of books.
 The untaught savage, hungering sore,
 Not knowing what to do,
 Had taken volumes, two or more,
 And made them in a stew.

One of the volumes cooked and ate,
 Which did digest the faster,
 Was written by a Doctor great—
 "Smith's French Without a Master."

The other volume, by a man—
 Oh, how the world had missed him!
 If he had ne'er evolved the plan—
 "German, by Sauveur's System."

* * * * *

This chance-found field for noble thought
 Oh, let us ne'er resign!
 Children, while eating, can be taught
 In half the usual time.

And, therefore, when they came to vote
 Which should be President,
 Friday had learned the plan by rote,
 And after office went.
 When in the final count was sent,
 Thus the report did run:
 "R. Crusoe *one* for President
 And John Charles Friday, *one*."

Robinson bethought himself abused
 By such a common trick,
 So he some moral suasion used—
 His instrument a stick!
 Another ballot did begin,
 Resulting as expected;
 For Robinson was counted in.
 And President elected.

Thus, a republic made, this pair—
 Proclaiming liberty—
 With Friday as the *public* there,
 And Crusoe Rex or *Re*.
 And in their little island home
 They neither tried to shirk;
 Crusoe would o'er the island roam,
 While Friday did the work.

And often while his master went
 The waterside along,
 Friday his time in sweeping spent,
 And sang a native song—
 Songs all about his sunny land—
 When homesick he became,
 He'd stop,—his broom or brush in hand,—
 And call his sweetheart's name.

[MNEMOSYNE *disappears*. The scene changes, disclosing the
 interior of ROBINSON'S cottage. FRIDAY'S Love Song and
 THURSDAY'S arrival.]

No. 5.—FRIDAY'S LOVE SONG.

I.

Sharp as tigers' gnawing, harsh as vultures' clawing,
 Sharp as sting of bee are my pangs for thee,
 O Balalia!

II.

As the serpent shining, 'round the palm tree twining,
 Smooth mahogany, was thy skin for me,
 O Balalia!

III.

Like the date tree slender, when the breezes bend her,
 Oh, so gracefully! was thy form to me,
 O Balalia!

IV.

Redder lips than rose far, eyes as black as sloes are,
 Teeth so milky white, did my kiss delight,
 O Balalia!

V.

Howling now and yelling, thus my grief I'm telling,
 For thy grievous loss—Oh, you were the Boss!
 O Balalia!

No. 6.—TRIO. ROBINSON, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY.

[HOW ARE THEY?]

FRIDAY. How's my mother?

ROBINSON. His mother.

THURSDAY. Your mother.

Oh, when she found you'd gone away,
 Her mental state was shocking;
 She hung herself, one rainy day,
 For rope, she used her stocking.

REFRAIN.—Her stocking? That's awful! &c.

FRIDAY. How's my brother? &c., &c.

THURSDAY. Your brother grew so very stout,
 No youth in town was prouder;
 One day your uncle took him out,
 And made him into chowder.—*Refrain.*

FRIDAY. How's my sister? &c., &c.

THURSDAY. Your sister, one day, went to bathe,
All in a state of natur'
A great big hungry crocodile
Came up and calmly ate her!—*Refrain.*

FRIDAY. How's my darling? &c. &c.

THURSDAY. A native circus came to town,
The handsome star he eyed her,
She flirted somewhat with the clown,
But ran off with the rider.—*Refrain.*

SCENE XI.—CLOUDLAND.

[MNE MOSYNE *appears.*]

CANTO VII.—THE RETURN TO HAMBURG AND FINALE.

When Nature smiles on a lonely man,
And he courts her for her smile,
She'll seek by many a gentle plan,
His long days to beguile.
She is only coy when mortals frown;
But should man welcome her,
She will come with gifts to shower down,
Such as friends on friends confer.

Clad in a new dress every day,
The joy of a thousand hours
She'll bring, with a lightsome step and gay —
The fairest of fruits and flowers.
She'll take in her hand her lover's hand,
She'll lead him to limpid brook,
To where the warm suns entice the land
Like a part of heaven to look.

She will lead where up to golden skies
Rare perfumes sweet ascend,
That can bear fond thoughts to paradise,
Where heav'n's and earth's best blend.
'Twas thus through the changing seasons' turn,
Through scenes of magical birth,
To read the poetic verse they learn,
That Nature writes on the earth.

The yearning for home, for far-off friends,
 Was sleeping, true, — not dead.
 But Robinson knew, when earth life ends,
 Separation has vanished.
 Thankful for life, with an earnest trust
 He waited, nor longer wept;
 Believing that what *must* be, that *must*,
 Contentment of heart he kept: —

With his two companions taught like him,
 That the sun shines above us, sure;
 That, when thro' the clouds the light looks dim,
 'Tis time to believe it more.
 'Tis this very trust that helps at last
 To the goal for which we've striv'n —
 The truth of the promise is never past,
 "Believe, and it shall be giv'n."

The long days grew into months and years,
 To bring the brave morning nigh,
 When a fair, proud ship near land appears,
 With a bright flag floating high.
 The flag of his dear-loved, native land —
 Ah, joy! How each heart will leap
 When one sees the flag, by breezes fanned,
 His love and honor doth keep.

Not the sight of mother unto her child,
 Not the sight of lover dear,
 Can bring the heart to a throb so wild,
 As the old flag waving clear.
 A banner of bunting or silk — that's all: —
 To war and pain and death,
 Devotion of millions it can call
 Forth, at a single breath.

But now 'twas a sign of love and home,
 A promise of hope and peace;
 A pledge of the dearest joys to come,
 And of present pangs to cease.
 Soon waved the signal from the shore,
 Soon came the answer back,
 Soon on the ocean broad once more,
 Soon on the homeward track.

Robinson, Thursday, and Friday true,
 Blessing the brave old ship,
 Found sea and sky were never so blue,
 As those of the homeward trip.

Speed fast, oh, thou ship! Blow, prosp'ring gale!
 Fly, pennant, in the air!
 Fill out till it burst the white-ribbed sail,
 Through the broad sea, proud ship tear!

We're homeward bound, and though we sped,
 Like a flash, from heaven's dome,
 Our thoughts and our love would be far ahead,
 For even now they're at home.
 But voyages must end, and stories too, —
 The river's rippling stream
 Once more comes into the wand'rer's view,
 'Neath the sunlight's happy beam.

Oh! a thousand newer beauties grow
 At ev'ry moment's gaze;
 The self-same scenes he cared not to know,
 Seem *now* worth all his praise.
 The shore is reached, and greetings loud
 Come to his joyful ears,
 While the sailor's wives around them crowd;
 And the common public cheers.

That's all—good-by—nay, just one more word!
 Perhaps you'd like to know
 What came of Robinson. Well, I've heard, —
 At least, 'twas told me so, —
 He married and settled down in life,
 After a little while;
 And—sometimes—though—he—loved—his—wife,
 He missed his desert isle.

And Friday was such a polyglot
 From grammars he'd digested,
 Quite a fine Professorship he got,
 Was an LL.D. invested.
 He taught in Latin, English, Greek,
 In Spanish, Irish, Dutch;
 While if in Hebrew he chanced to speak,
 No one could near him touch.

And Thursday? Ah, well! His life was short,
 Leaving his own land sunny;
 So filial Friday his body brought,
 And sold it as a mummy.

[MNEMOSYNE *disappears*. The scene changes, disclosing the wharf
 at Hamburg (as before). ROBINSON'S return.]

CHORUS.—GREETINGS TO HOME AND FINALE.

No. 7.—GREETINGS TO HOME.

1ST BASS. Oh, Fatherland, beloved home!
 With thee again, no more to roam;
 My heart with joy, with quick'ning beat,
 My happy tears thy fair shores greet.
 Thro' all these years o'er ocean's wide,
 My thoughts remained close to thy side.
 On other scenes, tho' bright suns played,
 No one could make thine image fade.
 Oh, Fatherland, thou guiding star,
 The wanderer sees thee from afar,
 And when his home he's reached once more,
 Ten thousand times he greets thy shore.

1ST TENOR. The scenes of youth again renew,
 My childhood's home once more I view,
 The eager heart of manhood's days,
 That sought with zeal ambition's praise;
 But some are gone, their faces dear
 No longer on these scenes appear.

CHORUS. Here is sweet rest from every care

1ST BASS. Oh, dearest home, so bright, so fair,

CHORUS. Yes, loving peace, in this dear land

1ST BASS. Unites us all in heart and hand.

CHORUS.

SOLO & QUAR. In heart and hand
 Unites us all in heart

1ST BASS. Forever evermore

SOLO & QUAR. Unites us all in hand
 Forever, evermore.

No. 8.—FINALE. NOW OUR LITTLE STORY'S OVER.

Now 'tis over. Now our little story's o'er,
 No tell there's nothing more.

SOLO. ROBINSON.

Happiness one can find if he come to his home,
 There's no content of mind while away far we roam.
 When one a toast would drink, sad his tone, he must own
 Joy leaves the goblet's brink, if he must drink alone, &c.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

When at home good luck we never lack,
 That's the reason I was glad to come back.
 Tigers, panthers are not raging!
 Lions growling and rampaging!
 Monkey's smiles, crocodiles, &c.

SOLO. TENOR II.

Something, dear friend, will you to shore be bringing,
 What will you do when near the ship you stand,
 And when you hear the sailors gaily singing,
 And see the stir and bustle on each hand?
 Haste on board, &c.

ROBINSON.

I'll stay at home!
 I've had enough of troublous times;
 My motto evermore shall be
 Don't stretch too far from home your lines,
 But stay at home in jollity.

[CHORUS *repeat*. CURTAIN.]

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